UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

A Remarkable Controversy - *James S. Stevens*

The Tragedy of Japanese Policy - - - - - - *John Earl Baker*

The Little White Mouse - *George O'Dell*

Gandhi Shows the Way - *Hilda Wierum Boulter*

THE STUDY TABLE

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Prohibition Findings

Following a two-day intensive survey of the liquor situation in the United States, the National Temperance and Prohibition Council, representing the leading temperance organizations of the country and church boards of various denominations, adopted an important series of "Findings," at a meeting in Washington, D. C., December 8-9, 1937, outstanding of which was a detailed statement analyzing and exposing the dangers inherent in the widely discussed plan of government liquor monopoly.

Referring to current varieties of liquor monopoly now in operation, the Council declared:

> "No evidence is yet available from the various states now experimenting with state monopoly of sale to show that 'government rum' or liquor sold at state stores is less harmful than that sold by other legalized dealers, nor that statistics with respect to crime, insanity, or poverty show better conditions in such states than in the ones where liquor is licensed as a private enterprise. The liquor business, of all possible undertakings, is most unsuited for a venture in government monopoly."

After analyzing point by point the chief features of the government monopoly plan, the Council by unanimous vote expressed its conclusions in these words:

> "We, therefore, oppose government monopoly as well as license, and favor a campaign of education accompanied by the enactment of restrictive and prohibitory measures for the purpose of diminishing progressively the demand for alcoholic beverages, instead of a policy designed to make commerce in liquor respectable, give it a legal status, tend to perpetuate it through large investment of government capital and numb the public conscience by means of social convention and government sanction."

Other findings adopted urged a nationwide move against liquor advertising; condemned government participation in the liquor traffic through establishment and operation of a distillery in the Virgin Islands; pointed out the critical menace of drinking drivers; denounced the "purposes, plan, and product of the brewers" and their "present subtle, highly financed, and far-reaching propaganda"; and urged the American people not to yield to its flood of nationwide misrepresentation.

Election of Officers for 1938 resulted in the choosing of Rev. R. H. Martin, of Pittsburgh, President; Charles Reading Jones, O. R. Miller, Clinton N. Howard, Vice-presidents; Edward B. Dunford, Secretary; and Dr. Izora Scott, Treasurer; Andrew Wilson, Ernest H. Cherrington, Arthur J. Barton, Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith, Dr. D. Leigh Colvin, Edward E. Blake, George W. Crabbe, Stuart Patterson and C. J. Turck, members of the Executive Committee.

Special Bulletin of American Business Men's Research Foundation.

(*Continued on page* 148)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXX MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1938 No. 9

NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

We would realize at this threshold of another opportunity that in so far as aught that is precious and tender in the years gone by is lost, it is lost to selfishness, and so far as it comes to us still redolent with life, pulsing with hope, it comes on the wings of disinterestedness. They who toiled for their own gain are forgotten, lost in the on-rushing stream. They who toiled that others might be more joyous, who testified that others might be free, who lived that others might be happier, they still live in song and story, they still live enshrined in the hearts of the multitude, their names emblazoned upon the imperishable tablets of history. They live most of all in a world made better for their living. So would we gather out of the year that is gone this one precious, sacred lesson for the years to come,—that radiance ever rests upon the brow that loves, that joy ever quickens the feet of those who serve, that strength ever engirdles the soul that is willing to spend and be spent in the service of its kind.

—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

THE GREAT AND NOT SO GREAT, DEAD IN 1937

Of all who died during this past year, none ranks so high, nor will be remembered so long, as Thomas G. Masaryk, the Father of his Country, Czecho-Slovakia. A man of heroic stature and saintly life, Masaryk led his people through the Great War to the independence in which he fashioned their liberated life during the years of his presidency. The dark shadows of Hitler's aggression now lie upon Masaryk's tomb, but whatever fate may befall his body, the light of his immortal spirit cannot be quenched. It would be well if another statesman dead in 1937, J. Ramsay MacDonald, could be said to enjoy an equal eternity of fame. But the English labor leader's career knew no such steadfastness of purpose nor purity of ideal. MacDonald's epic days came early, in 1914-18, when the pride of power had not yet touched his heart. In the collapse of his later years is found a tragedy comparable to that of Woodrow Wilson. In this same year passed Philip Snowden, comrade-in-arms with MacDonald for a generation, then alienated and bitterly hostile. But "in their death they were not divided." Other statesmen whose names appear upon the roll of the dead for this past year are Elihu Root, Gregory K. Ordzhonckidze, Russian Commissar next only to Stalin, Gaston Doumergue, former President of France, Sir Robert Borden, former Premier of Canada, Sir Austin Chamberlain, British cabinet minister, Joseph T. Robinson, Democratic leader of the Senate, Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury through two terms, John Hodge, English labor leader, Sir Frederick Pollock, English jurist, Bernhard Dernburg, German diplomat, in the United States in 1914-15, Ogden L. Mills, Secretary of the Treasury in succession to Mr. Mellon, A. S. Burleson and Harry S. New, former Postmaster Generals, Atlee Pomerene and William M. Butler, former United States senators, James P. Buchanan, of Texas, and William P. Connery, Jr., representatives, Edward F. Dunne, former Mayor of Chicago, Larz Anderson, diplomat and traveler, Morgan J. O'Brien, New York jurist, Henry J. Roraback, Republican "boss," of Connecticut, and James G. Dooling, Tammany "boss," of New York, and Robert W. Bingham, American ambassador to the Court of St. James.

Most shocking of all deaths this past year were the killings in Russia. Stalin's "purge" took its victims by the hundreds, and in many cases it is impossible to know who is dead or alive. People simply disappear! Radek, however, has joined the long line of old Bolsheviks who have now been shot. Tomsky committed suicide in anticipation of condemnation, as did A. G. Cherviakoff, the President of White Russia. Horrible beyond description was the massacre of General Michael N. Tukhachevsky, the young and brilliant head of the Red Army, and seven of his military colleagues. If this is the new Utopia of the future, God save us all! The mention of the Russian tragedy brings to mind the violent death in an aeroplane disaster of General Emilio Mola, second in command of the Rebel forces in Spain. Other distinguished military figures to pass on were Field Marshal von Ludendorff, of Germany, General Frank P. Crozier, who, on becoming a pacifist, made sensational revelations of army life in England, Admiral Henry T. Mayo, of the United States Navy, and Admiral Richard Pierson Hobson, of Spanish War fame. Business is closely related to war, as witness the late James M. Garvin, who confiscated the German chemical industry in this country during the War, and used its patents to create an American industry. John D.

Rockefeller was of course the most notable business man to die in 1937 at a great age, with his infamy transfigured into fame. George F. Baker was the son of his father, and his death marked the passing of a great name. Col. Hugh L. Cooper was the most distinguished of American engineers in the commercial construction field. Edward A. Filene, of Boston, was better known for his philanthropies than for his wealth. Frank A. Vanderlip and William Loeb moved from political service in Washington to business activities in New York. W. Forbes Morgan was a well-known banker and financier. Lord Rothschild bore fittingly a noble Jewish name in banking and good works. J. Bruce Ismay, director of the White Star Line, lived for years under the undeserved shadow of having survived the sinking of the "Titanic." Felix Warburg, worthy member of a great family, was a financier and philanthropist.

Literature suffered the loss of James Matthew Barrie, novelist and playwright, immortal as the author of *Peter Pan*. John Drinkwater was a lesser light than Barrie, but he will be long remembered for his drama, *Abraham Lincoln,* and a few lyric poems. Edward Garnett, English critic, was best known as the friend and advisor of John Galsworthy. In America, the most famous author to die this past year was Mrs. Edith Wharton, whose *Age of Innocence* and *Ethan Frome* are destined long to endure. Paul Elmore More was an accomplished essayist and scholar, destined to be better appreciated by posterity than by his contemporaries. John T. Morse, Jr., biographer, was best known as the editor of the American Statesman Series. Albert Bigelow Paine was the biographer of Mark Twain. Ellis Parker Butler wrote one famous story, *Pigs Is Pigs,* which added his name to America's list of immortal humorists. Edmund Lester Pearson created his own unique niche of authorship in the field of crime. Madison Grant wrote sensational and specious books on racial purity. Several well-known and honored poets passed away in 1937, including Robert Underwood Johnson, Anna Hempstead Branch, and Grace Ellery Channing. In Canada died Ralph Connor, familiarly known as the "sky-pilot," and in Germany, Ernst Lissauer, who lived to regret his "Hymn of Hate." Literature may rightly be said to include journalism—or at least some journalists. Norman Hapgood was one of the great editors of his day, and also a prolific author in many fields. Rollo Ogden was editor of the New York *Times,* and Fred F. Shedd of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin.* George H. Lorimer enjoyed tremendous success with his *Saturday Evening Post.* Ed Howe was a sage as well as editor. As art is surely near akin to literature, we here record the deaths of Frederick MacMonnies, one of the most famous of American sculptors, Henry O. Tanner, Negro painter of great distinction, Frederick E. Ives, inventor of the halftone process, and Frederick P. Opper, the comic-strip cartoonist.

Religion presents a list of illustrious dead for this year gone by. In England an aeroplane accident took the life of the famous Canon Burnett Hillman Streeter, one of the great theologians of this day. On All Saints' Eve died suddenly "Dick" Sheppard, Dean of Canterbury, and greatest of English pacifists. To these must be added the name of John MacNeill, theologian and preacher. In Germany died Rudolf Otto, Christian scholar and teacher. In our own country the roll of the 1937 dead include the names of J. Gresham Machen, fundamentalist heretic of the Presbyterian church, A. Z. Conrad, Congregationalist minister in Boston, Charles L. Goodell, Methodist preacher of distinction, Bishops William F. Oldham and William F. MacDowell, of the Methodist church, Charles E. Jefferson, Congregationalist, one of the great preachers and peace leaders of his generation, and Bishop William Montgomery Brown, convicted heretic of the Episcopal church. Judaism mourned a great rabbi, H. Pereira Mendes. Closely akin to religion is the social service field, where appear two beloved names—Joseph Lee, of Boston, and Harvey Dee Brown, clergyman and tuberculosis worker of Philadelphia. To these must be added two laymen whose work gave them as laymen ordination—a Jew, Jacob de Haas, of Zionist fame, and a Christian, Edwin D. Mead, educationalist and heroic champion of peace; and a woman, Mrs. Glendower Evans, champion of the downtrodden and oppressed. The field of education said farewell to Clarence A. Barbour, President of Brown University, John A. Cousens, President of Tufts College, and Charles F. Thwing, late President of Western Reserve. Here also may be recorded the names of scientists, philosophers, and scholars—Don Miguel de Unanumo, of Spain, Sir Grafton Elliott, English anthropologist, Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, Indian botanist, Julius Steiglitz, chemist, Alfred Adler and William A. White, world-famous psychologists, Professors Charles H. Haskins, historian, and A. V. Williams Jackson, Persian authority, Lord Rutherford, physicist, and William T. Hornaday, naturalist.

The theatre, as usual, records a long list of the recent dead. Most famous, undoubtedly, is Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the greatest Hamlet since Irving and Booth. Next to him in fame ranks William Gillette, the incarnation of Sherlock Holmes. The English stage mourns Sir Guy Standing and Colin Clive; the German stage, Paul Graetz; our

own American stage, IDA CONQUEST, OSGOOD PERKINS, MRS. LESLIE CARTER, MRS. CHARLES D. COBURN, MAUDE ODELL, JAMES MCINTYRE, of "McIntyre and Heath," and GEORGE HASSELL. Among screen stars are listed JEAN HARLOW, MARIE PREVOST, and the producer, ROBERT INCE. LOTTIE BLAIR PARKER was the author of *Way Down East,* one of the most successful of all American plays, and SAMUEL SHIPMAN wrote many popular dramas. The late WINTHROP AMES was one of the most accomplished of all theatrical managers. The drama, of course, suggests music. Here we note the passing of a great Polish composer, KAROL SZYMANOWSKI, the French composer, ALBERT ROUSSEL, and three American composers, HENRY HADLEY, ARTHUR FOOTE, and GEORGE GERSHWIN. FRANK DAMROSCH was a choral leader and teacher; CLARENCE EDDY, a noted organist; HAROLD SAMUEL, a distinguished pianist; MARIE VAN DRESSER, a famous singer, and HENRY RUSSELL an opera impresario. To these must be added two great musical critics, RICHARD ALDRICH, of the *Times,* and W. J. HENDERSON, of the *Sun.* Miscellaneous deaths this past year include AMELIA EARHART, aviator; GUGLIEMO MARCONI, inventor of wireless; MARTIN JOHNSON, explorer; HARRY VARDON, golf champion; GEORGE WRIGHT, one of the first professional baseball players; "RUBE" BENTON, famous baseball pitcher; JOHN T. UNDERWOOD, of typewriter fame; VIVIAN BURNETT, the original "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and the DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE, famous in her youth as May Goelet.

LET THE PEOPLE VOTE ON WAR!

We have wondered if the idea of a referendum on war, as proposed by Representative Ludlow in his constitutional amendment now before the House, was not too good to be true. Could this idea ever be carried out? The military and political folk evidently feel that it could. At any rate, they are scared white by the support that Representative Ludlow's bill has already won, and have marshaled all their propaganda forces against it. And this convinces us that the measure may well be as practicable as it is just! We are in any case delighted to hear that the government is alarmed lest some such action as this, in expression of the basic pacifist sentiment of America, seriously interfere with the proper conduct of foreign affairs. Well, if there is anything that can effectively interfere with this so-called proper conduct of foreign affairs, bring it along, *bring it along.* For is it not always this negotiation business by secretaries of state and diplomats which gets us into war? Is it not because honor has to be satisfied and reparation made and faces saved and precedents followed that sooner or later parleys develop into battles, and letters change to swords? The whole trouble now is that executive officers of government have no check upon them in their management of foreign relations, and thus, often to avenge their own offended egos, take nations into war. We would hobble these fellows till they couldn't move—and we know no better way than to place the final arbitrament of war in the hands of the people. Which brings us to the real argument for Representative Ludlow's amendment —namely, that the people themselves must do the fighting and dying in war, and should therefore themselves have the say as to whether they want to sacrifice themselves, or would on the whole prefer to live! Who can deny the justice of this proposition? What stands in the way of its acceptance but the fact that the foreign secretaries have always in the past decided this question of blood and death, and desire to do so still. It's time, high time, this tradition were broken. It was all right, perhaps, when kings and princes had their mercenary armies, and could play with them like toys. But now the people perish! To them, therefore, belongs the right to declare when, if ever, wars shall be fought. We urge our readers to support the Ludlow Amendment. Write to your Congressmen, and tell them it must be passed!

Jottings

The CIO has laid off 200 of its organizers. This is an outrage. The idea of discharging workers at just the time when unemployment is mounting! Why are not hours shortened and the work thus divided between all the 652 organizers on the staff? We hope that these organizers will strike, sit down in the CIO headquarters, picket the offices, and appeal to the NLRB. This indifference of employers to the needs of the employes, throwing all the burden of bad times on the workers—this has got to stop!

Italy's leaving the League of Nations is like a husband divorcing his wife after beating and deserting her. We are only sorry that in this case the wife did not get the divorce. In other words, why did not the League kick Italy out years ago?

Black shirts in Italy, brown shirts in Nazi Germany, green shirts in Fascist Brazil, white shirts in America's Ku Klux Klan—what is there about a shirt to make a man go mad? In the old legend, it was the man who didn't have a shirt to his back, who was alone happy. Is this a parable of our modern life?

"Speaker Bankhead said the net result of the special session (of Congress) was satisfactory."
New York *World-Telegram.*

Thus might Napoleon have said that the net result of the battle of Waterloo was satisfactory.

"A bomb burst ahead of her in the courtyard . . .; waves of fire swept aimlessly; the constellations in the sky seemed to hurl themselves on the earth in the final throes of a universe doomed to live in darkness after the angel Gabriel had finished his work of destruction."
—The *Living Age* (November, 1937).

This is obviously what's happening in China. Only *it isn't!* It's what's happening on the northwestern frontier of India under English bombings.

The wolf is still being horribly abused by the sheep, as in the old Aesop fable. Thus, we read in the *Preusse Zeitung* of Upper Silesia:

"Complaints about the provocation of the German population by Jews have increased so much lately that strong apprehension is felt for maintenance of law and order."

J. H. H.

A Remarkable Controversy*

JAMES S. STEVENS

The year 1937 marked a number of anniversaries in the field of liberal religion. The birth of Thomas Paine in 1737 has already been noted in this journal. In July, 1887, there began in the *North American Review* what may well be termed a remarkable controversy. Dr. Henry M. Field, editor of the *Independent,* addressed an open letter to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, which was the beginning of a series of papers in which these two gentlemen were joined by Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Dr. Field began his letter with characteristic courtesy as follows:

"I am glad that I know you, even though some of my brethren look upon you as a monster because of your unbelief. I shall never forget the long evening I spent at your home in Washington; and in what I may have to say, however it may fail to convince you, I trust you will feel that I have not shown myself unworthy of your courtesy or confidence."

In looking over the volumes in which this debate is recorded one is struck by the large number of titles of articles which have a distinctly religious flavor, and which are for the most part argumentative in their nature. I note the following: "Why Am I a Free Religionist?", O. B. Frothingham; "Why Am I a Heathen?", Wong Chin Foo; "Why I Am Not a Heathen," Yan Phou Lee; "Why I Am Not a Free Religionist," James Freeman Clarke; "The Chestnut Burr: The Andover Fuss," Gail Hamilton; "Dissent in England," Joseph Parker; "Why Am I a Lutheran?", Charles A. Hay; "Judas the Iscariot," Moncure D. Conway; "Why Am I a Moslem?", Unsigned. If we add to these the six articles to which we have previously referred, we will find, I think, an unusual collection of religious papers for two years of one magazine.

At the time of this debate I was a recent college graduate and the discussions were extraordinarily interesting to me. Having been brought up in the orthodox faith I found my sympathies lying entirely with Dr. Field and Mr. Gladstone. I think I could appreciate Colonel Ingersoll's wit and felicity of diction, but his arguments appeared thoroughly unsound. It may prove of interest after the lapse of fifty years to review the arguments made use of in these discussions, and, if it will not seem unduly presumptuous, to suggest certain possible methods of reaching a common understanding in the light of recent theological developments.

Quite a number of pages are devoted by each of the three disputants to the question of the existence of a Supreme Being. Dr. Field bases his argument largely upon the necessity for a Creator. He quotes Napoleon's famous challenge, "Gentlemen, who made these stars?" and also a poetical reference from Shelley which Colonel Ingersoll turns against him with an *argumentum ad hominen.* Neither Dr. Field nor Mr. Gladstone bases his argument to any great extent upon divine revelation, while Colonel Ingersoll on the other hand spends much of his time in the endeavor to prove that the God described in the Bible cannot exist in the nature of things. His argument seems to be that since there is sin and evil in the world there can be no Supreme Being. This is somewhat analogous to a possible line of argument which may be used a hundred years hence, that during the Great War there could have been no Emperor of Germany because of the atrocities committed by the German armies. Dr. Field brings forward the old argument used by Paley that the design of a watch, for example, assumes the existence of a designer. Colonel Ingersoll, on the other hand, carries the argument farther back by insisting that the thing designed cannot know or appreciate its designer. He is ready to admit that a Supreme Being may exist, but he insists that his creatures can know nothing about him. He states what will be probably conceded that no two persons can by any possibility conceive of precisely the same Deity.

When Mr. Gladstone comes into the discussion he is ready to defend the Jehovah of the Old Testament against the charges which have been made by Colonel Ingersoll. This particular point of the discussion is sufficiently interesting to warrant a brief summary. Dr. Field had referred to the sacrificing of children by Indian mothers as a piece of superstition. Colonel Ingersoll admits this, but insists that similar practices in the Old Testament should be similarly designated. He mentions in particular the stories of the commanded sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham and the offering up of Jephthah's daughter. Here we will quote Mr. Gladstone's own words:

"I am aware of no reason why any believer in Christianity should not be free to canvass, regret, condemn the act of Jephthah. So far as the narration which details it is concerned, there is not a word of sanction given to it more than to the falsehood of Abraham in Egypt, or of

*We commend this article to our readers as a most interesting revelation of the changes in religious interest and thought which have taken place in a half century. If these brilliant minds engaged today in religious controversy, they would discuss—what?—Editor.

Jacob and Rebecca in the matter of the hunting (Gen. xx. 1-18, and Gen. xxiii.); or to the dissembling of Saint Peter in the case of the Judaizing converts (Gal. ii.11). I am aware of no color of approval given to it elsewhere."

Mr. Gladstone calls further attention to the fact that a New Testament writer has included Jephthah in his list of worthies, but hastens to add that it was not for this fact that he was included. Concerning the merits of this argument the individual reader will have to judge for himself.

When we come to the commanded sacrifice of Isaac, Mr. Gladstone speaks as follows:

"A father is commanded to sacrifice his son. Before consummation, the sacrifice is interrupted. Yet the intention of obedience had been formed, and certified by a series of acts. It may have been qualified by a reserve of hope that God would interpose before the final act, but of this we have no distinct statement, and it can only stand as an allowable conjecture. It may be conceded that the narrative does not supply us with a complete statement of particulars. That being so, it behooves us to tread cautiously in approaching it. This much, however, I think, may further be said: the command was addressed to Abraham under conditions essentially different from those which now determine for us the limits of moral obligation. For the conditions, both socially and otherwise, were indeed very different. The estimate of human life at the time was different. The position of the father in the family was different: its members were regarded as in some sense his property. There is every reason to suppose that, around Abraham in the land of Moriah, the practice of human sacrifice as an act of religion was in vogue."

There can be little doubt that Colonel Ingersoll has by far the better of the argument here. We may imagine him saying to himself, as Huxley is reported to have said when listening to a most unfortunate slip which a clerical opponent with whom he was debating made, The Lord hath delivered him into mine hand. He says:

"Let us examine these three excuses: Was Jehovah justified in putting a low estimate on human life? Was he in earnest when he said 'that whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed'? Did he pander to the barbarian view of the worthlessness of life? If the estimate of human life was low, what was the sacrifice worth?

"Was the son the property of the father? Did Jehovah uphold this savage view? Had the father the right to sell or kill his child?

"Do you defend Jehovah and Abraham because the ignorant wretches in the land of Moriah, knowing nothing of the true God, cut the throats of their babes as an act of religion?

"Was Jehovah led away by the example of the Gods of Moriah? Do you not see that your excuses are simply the suggestions of other crimes?

"You see clearly that the Hindu mother, when she throws her babe into the Ganges at the command of her God, sins against first principles; but you excuse Abraham because he lived in the childhood of the race. Can Jehovah be excused because of his youth? Not satisfied with your explanation, your defenses and excuses, you take the ground that when Abraham said: 'My son, God will provide a lamb for a burnt offering,' he may have 'believed implicitly that a way of rescue would be found for his son'. In other words, that Abraham did not believe that he would be required to shed the blood of Isaac. So that, after all, the faith of Abraham consisted in 'believing implicitly' that Jehovah was not in earnest."

Perhaps the weakest feature of Colonel Ingersoll's argument in this particular part of the discussion has reference to his criticisms of the Supreme Being because he failed to teach the race the facts of science, and to give them such instruction and surround them with such safeguards as would prevent the coming on of sickness and unhappiness of every sort. Dr. Field clearly answers this by the statement that the end of life is not happiness but character. It should appeal to everyone that the endowing of the human race with intellectual faculties which permit the development along scientific lines, which has been reached at the present time, is a vastly more satisfactory procedure than if the mysteries of matter and space and time had been revealed at the outset. The same is true with reference to material conditions. We would have been a race of weaklings if we had been made to remain in the Garden of Idleness. Dr. Field brings out these points with great clearness, but he neglects to observe that his argument is double-edged. If it were better for the race to be given an opportunity to develop along physical, social, and intellectual lines, does it not follow that the same inference may be drawn when we speak of religious development? In other words, is there not an antecedent improbability that God would give the race a revelation of any sort in an early stage of its development? As it has been much better in the realm of science that we have struggled on, suggesting and rejecting one theory after another until we have made some considerable progress in extending the boundary of knowledge, but yet stand at the threshold of what is possible to be accomplished, was it not the wise thing to let the race develop its own idea of its Creator and its own ideals in all matters religious? The blind feeling after God by the early races, conspicuous among whom were the Hebrews, was not an error or a crime, but a wonderful illustration of that religious evolution by which knowledge—intellectual, moral, and spiritual—has always grown from more to more.

Concerning the desirability of personal immortality there seems to be something of an agreement among the three writers. The divergence of opinion arises when the character of the next life is considered. There is no subject which aroused Colonel Ingersoll to greater violence than the teaching of endless retribution which he found in certain of the creeds, particularly what he called the Presbyterian creed. In reply to his severe criticism Dr. Field makes the candid admission that many orthodox believers have rejected the doctrine of eternal punishment, and that while he himself holds to the doctrine it is in such a modified form that his creed is not materially different from that of the Colonel. One of the finest statements in Colonel Ingersoll's argument is that there are no such things as rewards or punishments but consequences, and to this Dr. Field seems to assent. He states that the best earthly life is marred by errors and sins, and the effects of these will be felt throughout eternity. He does not go so far as to agree with Colonel Ingersoll in the obvious extension of this theory by which it follows that future retribution will always be mitigated by the good deeds which have characterized the earthly life. In the light of present day reformatory methods the teaching of Colonel Ingersoll that punishment is not vindicative but reformatory appeals very strongly, if this life is regarded as a preparation for a future life. We will enjoy its blessings just as we have prepared ourselves to become adapted to its environments. It is no source of joy to one who is entirely without musical appreciation to attend a classical performance, but to a trained musician it brings the highest pleasure. The application of this analogy to eternal rewards and punishments is obvious. One of the strongest pieces of writing in the whole argument is found where Colonel Ingersoll

pictures a bereaved mother lamenting the loss of her son who has not fulfilled the orthodox conditions of redemption. With the most terrible sarcasm he reads for her consolation selections from the Presbyterian confession of faith:

> "Although the light of Nature, and the works of creation and Providence, do so far manifest the goodness, wisdom, and power of God as to leave man inexcusable, yet they are not sufficient to give that knowledge of God and of his will which is necessary to salvation.
>
> "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestined and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."
>
> "Men not professing the Christian religion cannot be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to conform their lives according to the light of Nature. We cannot by our best works merit pardon of sin. There is no sin so small but that it deserves damnation. Works done by unregenerate men, although, for the matter of that, they may be things which God commands, and of good use to themselves and others, are sinful and cannot please God or make a man meet to receive Christ or God."
>
> "The souls of the wicked are cast into hell, where they remain in torment and utter darkness, reserved to the judgment of the great day. At the last day the righteous shall come into everlasting life but the wicked shall be cast into eternal torment and punished with everlasting destruction. The wicked shall be cast into hell, to be punished with unspeakable torment, both of body and soul, with the devil and his angels, forever."

After picturing her despair produced by such consolations as these he undertakes his own method of assuaging her grief as follows:

> "My dear madam, this reverend gentleman knows nothing of another world. He cannot see beyond the tomb. He has simply stated to you the superstitions of ignorance, of cruelty and fear. If there be in this universe a God, he certainly is as good as you are. Why should he have loved your son in life—loved him, according to this reverend gentleman, to that degree that he gave his life for him; and why should that love be changed to hatred the moment your son was dead?"
>
> "My dear woman, there are no punishments, there are no rewards—there are consequences; and of one thing you may rest assured, and that is, that every soul, no matter what sphere it may inhabit, will have the everlasting opportunity of doing right."
>
> "If death ends all, and if this handful of dust over which you weep is all there is, you have this consolation: Your son is not within the power of this reverend gentleman's God—that is something. Your son does not suffer. Next to a life of joy is the dreamless sleep of death."

With reference to the inspiration of the Scriptures, the opinions of the disputants varied from that of Mr. Gladstone who held to a rather pronounced doctrine of complete inspiration to that of Mr. Ingersoll who believed in nothing of the sort. Colonel Ingersoll was frequently criticized because he was in the habit of keeping his intellectual gaze fixed upon certain blots or imperfections to the neglect of many things that were worthy. Thus here he was so fully occupied in pointing out what he regarded as unworthy pictures of the Creator in Genesis, Judges, and Samuel that he failed to take note of the splendid portrayals given us in the Psalms and Isaiah. Indeed, having found a new Psalms of an imprecatory character he passes by those which give us the most exalted views of God. Between such extreme views as those held by Mr. Gladstone and Colonel Ingersoll there is a great gulf fixed, and the only way it can be spanned is to recognize the obvious distinction between truth and fact. *Pilgrim's Progress* with its record of the religious experiences of its hero is a true story in so far as these narratives are in accord with human experience. That the incidents detailed in the book should be regarded as facts, no one believes. In like manner the Bible is true as it gives us a correct picture of the religious history of the people of Israel. The fact that they had crude notions of God, and attributed to him a multitude of false opinions which they themselves held, is no reflection on the truth of the narratives. This is a very different matter from saying that the visits of God to the Garden of Eden and his hiding in the cleft of a rock in order that Moses might see his back parts are statements of fact.

When we come to the estimate of Jesus Christ held by the three gentlemen, there is a certain unity of opinion. Colonel Ingersoll seems to esteem Jesus very highly, but criticizes him for failing to give out information which he did not possess and which would have been unwholesome to the race if it had been promulgated. Both Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Field were guilty of using a syllogism with an erroneous major premise, and this Colonel Ingersoll was quick to detect. It was the usual trinitarian argument stated about as follows:

Major premise: Any being who is superior to man is God.

Minor premise: Jesus was superior to man.

Conclusion: Therefore he was God.

The jump from the finite to the infinite which this syllogism involves is becoming increasingly difficult to make. There were other points of divergence discussed by these masters of argumentation but they are of minor importance. The method of concluding their arguments used by Mr. Gladstone and Colonel Ingersoll is felicitous and characteristic. Mr. Gladstone refers to his opponent as choosing to ride an unbroken horse and to throw the reins upon his neck. Colonel Ingersoll in turn is moved to admit the charge but insists that such an equestrian performance gives a greater variety of sensations, a keener delight, and the better prospect of winning the race than to sit solemnly astride of a dead horse in a deep reverential calm with the bridle firmly in your hand.

All three have long since gone over the great divide. It is an interesting conjecture whether they have not by now met together and agreed upon a common theological system. It is still more interesting to conjecture what would have been the result if they had been permitted to have lived to this year of grace in the enjoyment of their remarkable intellectual powers. It seems reasonable to believe that they would have been closer together in their theological thinking than they were fifty years ago. It is possible that Mr. Gladstone would not have stood so strenuously for a vicarious atonement as the only method of salvation, and it may be that the Colonel would have modified somewhat the severity of his indictments, and it is almost certain that Dr. Field would have continued his growth in liberality along the way in which he was so pleasantly started. Shall we not think that whatever might have been their opinions on other matters they would have with united minds and hearts accepted the only theological statement that Jesus himself made of his earthly mission: And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me?

The Tragedy of Japanese Policy

JOHN EARL BAKER*

War evokes many emotions. Courage, fear, and anger are the most obvious. But in the case of many people like myself, the conflict here in China principally produces sorrow; sorrow for the people of China, for those of Japan, and for those of our own countries.

The pity every one must feel for the killed, the wounded, the homeless destitute victims of this carnage is too evident to require mention. But when one views the attempted assassination of a country whose people are so peaceable, so industrious, so cheerful in the face of adversity, how shall one describe the feeling? And at a time when China had just achieved governmental unity and was vigorously pursuing a program of improvement! Here is a people the most suited by nature and development to the organization of a peaceable world, comprising nearly one-fourth of the human race, who are now compelled either to develop themselves into a warlike race, or to be cannon-fodder under the yoke of a race of warriors. For the people of China one may sorrow because of the tragedy that is being daily visited upon them. But it is for the generations of the world who may have lost the Chinese contribution to peace that I grieve most deeply.

I grieve much for the common people of America. They have plenty, power of a kind, but they lack at least one resource which Japan could have supplied. There is at least one respect in which the Japanese people are infinitely superior to Americans. Even the most humble Japanese workman and his wife will take a few inexpensive shrubs, an odd stone or two, a little moss or perchance a crooked stick, and produce beauty within and without their dwelling, and by such creation obtain pleasure almost entirely unknown to the great mass of the American people. We Americans have the mistaken idea that beauty is to be obtained only at a great price and therefore is only for the rich. It has been my fond dream that sometime, sometime soon, friendly Japanese would send missionaries to America, who would take up their residence in our ugly industrial cities and, by living among our wage earners, teach them how to transform their dreary homes into things of beauty, teach them how to obtain the joy of creation now so largely disappeared from industrial life, teach them how to use leisure so as to make of it an asset rather than the liability it appears to be. But if every Japanese is to be considered a potential spy, such missions cannot be encouraged, and so I sorrow for what America may be denied.

But I grieve also for the Japanese people, not only for the loss of their sons in battle and the burdens they are forced to bear in order to carry on this war, but because their sacrifices are all in vain; because the aims which their leaders profess cannot be attained by the methods which they are pursuing; and because the *real* aims of some of those leaders have no concern whatsoever with the welfare of the Japanese people.

Japanese spokesmen often refer to Japan's "problem of existence." Foreigners generally receive this phrase as the prelude to a shamefaced, unconvincing attempt to justify some piece of high-handed aggression. Yet, if one will travel through the rural parts of Japan with eyes and mind open, he cannot fail to observe that Japan actually has a problem. It would be more accurately expressed however by the term "problem of subsistence."

Historically, the Japanese people have subsisted principally on fish and rice. Japanese vessels have access to the oceans of the world for fish; but for rice her cultivators have an extremely limited area of valley lands, to augment which they have with untold labor terraced the mountainsides. Rice must be grown in submerged soil. This means that the rice field must be almost exactly level; and this in turn means that in a mountainous country like Japan, a rice field must be too small to admit of cultivation by machine. In Japan, rice is planted by hand, cultivated by hand, reaped by hand. And by hand, rice must continue to be planted, cultivated and reaped so long as it is grown on the tiny mountain terraces which now make the Japanese countryside so interesting to the tourist eye. Standing in cold mud and water up to his knees, the farmer's blood will chill and his bended back will ache a hundred years hence, just as it does today and did with his ancestors a hundred years ago.

When Commodore Perry negotiated his treaties some eighty years ago, the population of Japan was predominantly rural. Except for a few artisans, scholars, priests and monks, a few officials and their military retinues, the whole population of Japan consisted of food-producers, their womenfolk and children. The farmers and fishermen of that decade probably disposed of not more than five per cent of their product in order to feed their governor, spiritual guardians, and those who rendered them craftsman service.

But the leaders of the Meiji restoration, Japan's renaissance period, envisioned a strong Japan; a Japan which need fear no more incursions of overseas barbarians. And strength meant machines of war, machine production, machine transportation. Today the industrial workers, tradesmen, bankers, soldiers, and sailors have increased to such an extent that out of a population of 70,000,000, only about 38,000,000 are to be found on the farms and in the fisheries of Japan. Instead of only five per cent of the crop being given in exchange for the services of the non-rural elements, fully 45 per cent is now taken to feed the non-food-producing millions. Meanwhile, the farmer's family has learned no magic formula by which a mere fraction of their former food supply may satisfy their hunger. They must eat as much as ever. The farmer simply must produce twice as much as his ancestor of 1850. But, can he? His fields are no larger. Can he cultivate more intensively or eat less? Either that, or his land will be sold for taxes to some one who *will* produce more and eat less. He must work harder every hour, more hours per day, more days per year, or more years in a lifetime. No matter how he does it, he does it with more wading in cold mud and water, more bending of back, more chill and ache. And so the farmer grumbles, even as you and I would grumble if we had increasing aches and pains, with nothing to show for it.

The farmer grumbles because of the ache in his back, but also because of the ache in his heart. He has been taught to read. But he lives in the same house, wears a coat no better and eats food no tastier than did his ancestor of the 1850's. He knows that in

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the cities water draws itself, nights are as light as day, tables are set with foods brought from the ends of the earth, cheerful crowds are carried hither and yon with the speed of the wind, clever entertainment evokes the laughter of thousands whose backs do not ache nor shiver. Why should these have so much and he so little? Why should more and more of what he produces be taken from him year after year, to give to these others? He grumbles once because he aches, but twice because he resents injustice.

For years the Japanese farmer has been grumbling. His sons, forced into the fields too young, have grumbled also. They were still grumbling when they went into the army to do their years of compulsory service. As they rose through the ranks, letters from home kept these grumbles ever fresh in their ears. This murmuring of an aching-backed people began so long ago that many of those sons are now colonels and even generals in the army of the Mikado. No one knows better than they the contrast between life in the old home and life in these modern cities. And so at long last occurred the incident of February, 1936. Thus, strange as it may seem to those in Western countries, the military seizure of Japan is an agrarian movement.

But while the military faction in Japan appears to know how to seize political power, it appears to have no clear idea of procedure toward the ends it seeks; of the means by which the ache in the farmer's back may be relieved.

First, it told the world that Japan must have *room* for her increasing millions. So, Korea and Formosa were seized, Manchuria was penetrated. But after forty years, in all three of these regions combined, not more than one year's increase in population is to be found. The Japanese do not migrate, they do not colonize.

Nearly twenty years ago, it was apparent that emigration was no solution for Japan's subsistence problem. In the meantime, Japanese industries had been developed, partly to furnish the equipment for a modern military establishment. This industrial development had produced a very considerable foreign trade, the net profits of which could be used to purchase foodstuffs abroad for the feeding of the increasing population. This program was developing in a perfectly normal way when Japanese militarists became obsessed with the idea of stimulating it artificially. Not only must the horse be led to water; he must be forced to drink. I have been informed that Japanese military officials receive no training in economics or political science. Under no other assumption can be explained the Japanese program of seizing territory for the purpose of increasing markets for Japanese goods.

The Chinese people were increasing their purchases of Japanese goods as fast as their increase in purchasing power permitted. These purchases would have continued to increase as improvement in Chinese conditions continued. Japan had the advantage of nearness, together with certain linguistic advantages, and naturally should have obtained the lion's share of China's increasing foreign purchases. But at this stage, Japanese militarists saw fit to present to China the infamous Twenty-one Demands which could in no way increase the capacity of the Chinese to buy, and could have no other effect than to make them want to avoid Japanese whenever possible. Elementary business experience would have made Japan know that the good will of a customer is all important in making sales.

This suicidal policy was continued by Japan's action in Manchuria and Shanghai in 1932 and has continued down to the present day. During the past five years, hundreds of millions of dollars which could have been expended for river conservancy, for the extension of irrigation systems, for railways and other capital outlays which would have increased food production and purchasing power in China, have been diverted to military defense, solely for fear of the day which has now come to North China and to Shanghai. Day after day, Japanese airplanes are destroying property, to replace which will require funds that otherwise might have gone to purchase articles manufactured abroad, principally in Japan if Japan had cultivated friendship rather than fear and enmity. With that money, Japan could have bought rice in Burma and Siam. Instead of making it possible for China to purchase Japanese manufactures, the military policy of Japan has worked in diametrically the opposite direction.

Japanese militarists hold the theory that by destroying the Chinese government and substituting one of their own, they can hasten the development of productivity in China. No more foolish assumption can be imagined. Slavery has never paid large dividends. A slave works only under the eye of the overseer; he uses no initiative. While Japan herself has made great progress by planned economy, that progress was made possible because her government enjoyed the confidence of her people. But Japanese leadership will never have the confidence of the Chinese people so long as it follows its present policy.

Most of the great modern nations have made their progress as a result of the initiative of millions of individuals. Every individual of quality has used such initiative because he knew he would retain the greater part of the fruits thereof. But no Chinese under Japanese domination will ever believe that he will be allowed to enjoy much of these fruits. The initiative of four hundred millions of people, if permitted to function normally, would produce, and during the past few years has produced, an enormous increase in purchasing power. That initiative, the present regime in Manchuria is destroying, and if the Manchurian regime is extended to the rest of China it will be destroyed in all China.

Somehow, Japanese militarists have obtained the idea that if a country be conquered, its raw materials become available to the conquerer without cost. But cotton must be cultivated and iron ore must be dug whatever the color of the flag that flies over the soil, and the farmer who hoes cotton and the miner who digs ore must be fed and clothed no matter what flag he salutes. The cost of that food and clothing is pretty much the cost of the cotton or the ore. It will be no less if Japanese supplant Chinese as government officials. For many reasons it will be more. Japan could obtain these commodities at much less expense from a free, friendly China than she ever will be able to do from a conquered sullen China, forced to pay heavily for the Japanese police who will watch her every move.

The futility of Japanese military policy is equally exemplified with respect to Russia. Forty years ago, Japanese militarists insisted that Korea was a dagger in the hands of Russia, pointed at the heart of Japan. So Korea was taken and annexed. Today, they insist that Vladivostok is a dagger similarly held and similarly pointed. When one remembers that the cities of Japan are constructed principally of wood and paper, one can appreciate the fear that grips the heart of the urban Japanese as he thinks of Russia—an enemy equipped with the finest aerial fleet in the world. Forty

years of military diplomacy have not put aside the dagger pointed at the heart of Japan: it has only brought it infinitely nearer. Whereas it was formerly weeks distant, now it is only hours.

An intelligent diplomacy would seek to turn that dagger aside by making a friend of the holder. Russia, furnished with adequate machinery, could supply Japan with a vast bulk of wheat and other foodstuffs. She has shown a willingness to trade raw materials for manufactures. She sold the Chinese Eastern railway for Japanese manufactured goods. Why not do it again? Why not trade electrical and luxury goods, manufactures and such, for given bulks of wheat which would help feed Japan's industrial population? Why not be allies instead of enemies and escape the crushing burden of armaments?

But men who know only guns and maneuver, the trade of killing instead of the art of living, can conceive no such solution of the real problem of Japan. They can imagine nothing beyond their flag waving over every city in the world, no greater achievement than arousing the fear and hate of every one who sees them. And this means ultimately ruin for Japan. Every victory in China brings that ruin closer. Every additional foot of China conquered adds to the economic burden of the Japanese people. Hence, their problem of "subsistence" may actually become one of "existence." Therefore, for the Japanese people—sturdy, stoical, industrious, capable of a world mission in the field of pleasant living, but led by elements who either do not know how to advance their real interest or do not care —one must be profoundly sad.

The Little White Mouse

GEORGE E. O'DELL

The place was Toronto, the period in the last months of the World War, the man an archdeacon of the Episcopal Church. Dr. Cody had swashbuckled up and down the diocese four years earlier calling all young men to the colors. Then, as an army chaplain, he had gone to the Front, impartially preaching fire and brimstone or good cheer and consolation, as near to the points of most deadly danger as they would let him go. On occasion he would come home, get into his surplice for awhile, and preach in the great church of St. Paul, which is where for just once I heard him.

His topic was the Parable of the Good Samaritan, and, though I do not remember, doubtless he spoke of the coming day when the nations must take to the business of helping bind up one another's wounds, as in the event they certainly did not do; nor do they ever—did North and South in 1865 bind up one another's wounds, for all that Lincoln had so urgently urged it? What I do recall with glad remembrance is the way the preacher fastened on the rarely noticed inner significance of the Good Samaritan story. Jesus here was using a favorite device—having been asked a question, he replied not so much to that as to some allied but less commonplace one. "And who is my neighbor?" the pert challenger had inquired. Jesus did not answer this until the end. Rather he stated to whom his critic must not be ashamed to look in time of need for neighborly help. And to whom, in this way, was the questioner neighbor? He was neighbor, for instance, to the hated Samaritan! The Samaritan who not only chose to worship the Hebrew God elsewhere than in Jerusalem, but who, far more rankling perhaps, was politically faithless; like any condottiere of later centuries, he had sought only his own immediate interests; one time he would help his blood-brother Judeans in their resistance to invasion, another time he would side with the enemy. Some neighbor, indeed! Yet the poor Jew, wounded and robbed, must needs be beholden to a Samaritan for aid.

One could not, as one listened, help being reminded of that richly humorous *Punch* cartoon of the days when Mr. Lloyd George was "limehousing" vitriolically against the House of Lords, while his opponents could find no language harsh enough for effective reply. A man is drowning; another plunges in to save him. "First tell me," gasps the drowning one, *"are you Lloyd George?"* Better die than be saved by the loathed political foe!

Then, to the obvious consternation of many of his hearers, Dr. Cody had one of his notorious moments of indiscretion. He was a very good and honest man, given to blurting unwelcome truths, not always tactful. "Why," he said, as though the idea has just occurred to him, as probably it had, "it is as though some near day we British people were to be in terrible trouble, and it was Germany, whom we are *now fighting* desperately and whose politics we detest, to whom rather than anyone else we had to look for succor, and from whom we received it!" Wisely at such a time of prejudice and passion, he left it at that. Like the fabled theologian, he "looked the difficulty in the face—and passed on." But it was a true interpretation.

To this let me now add a second picture (we shall come to the little mouse presently) belonging in the same city and to a time not long after. To one of the non-Episcopalian churches had come home, following on the Armistice, another belligerent clergyman, who also for four years had breathed fire and uttered sulphur, and only occasionally returned to his pulpit as though to be sure his congregation were still there. I had met him once in the war period, and for the moment had been ignorant of the nature of his job. In his captain's uniform he had come one Sunday noon into my usual dinner-for-a-quarter eating place and sat down beside me. I, too, was in khaki and, though only a truck-pushing corporal on the hindmost home line, had my full quota of professional pride, and my face turned a lobster-red. For this officer on the way in had most unprofessionally banged a passing young private on the back and shouted, "Hello, boy." The boy, too, had blushed to the roots and hastily departed. Drunken privates we were used to and bore with as best we might. But a drunken British officer! He did not, thank heaven, appear to intend speaking to *me*. But, studying him covertly in a mirror opposite, I found his sobriety beyond a doubt; and squinting at his collar badge, I placed him. Drunk? Yes, but he was afflated with religion, not alcohol. He, too, was a chaplain.

And this was the man whom I was to hear speak on a Sunday after the Armistice, with even more electrifying effect than Dr. Cody. Notwithstanding its

huge and cultured congregation, his was a church which practised "closed communion." Either you had been properly immersed in the pool and were presumably a full child of God, or you had not and you were not. It was communion Sunday. Captain Cameron announced the setting up of the Table of the Lord. "But," he said, amidst an awed and startled silence, "I can no longer as a minister of the gospel invite to this solemn commemoration only those who 'belong.' For more than four years I have seen men fight for ideals of freedom; some were baptized and some not; some were Hindus or Buddhists or Mohammedans; and some were agnostics or even professed to be atheists. But they shared in a common will, a common courage and self-sacrifice. The atheist died for the cause as gallantly as the Christian. I can no longer administer communion with any implied distinction except one. I invite without respect to doctrine any who love the Lord Jesus to come." And he got by with it.

Indeed, when later I sought his acquaintance, and incidentally inquired if it had not been, as reported, a very undemocratic thing to throw open the communion without having first consulted his congregation or at least his trustees, he replied that he knew his congregation, that he had saved a fight, and that "there are more sorts of democracy than one." The war, you see, in some things opened men's eyes. To put this too seriously to the credit of the war would, of course, be but to repeat the Chinaman's fallacy about roast pig. Yet let us be thankful even for war-born mercies.

The two thoughts illustrated above are appropriate for our meditation. Deeper than all doctrine is the life. More potent than sundering beliefs should be the human will towards serving common ideals. Yet there is a "diversity of gifts," and even our enemies, our critics, the strangers within the gate, and, still more, subjects of other flags and devotees of other faiths, may be our friends, unknowing until some great moment comes. The white man may need the Negro, the Teuton the Jew, the Protestant the Catholic, the Westerner the Oriental, the bustling American the still not wholly spoiled, the childlike and aesthetic, "Jap."

Mr. Wells, in one of his less wise moments, has said that he wants a world so uniform in tastes, habits, ideas, and ideals, that if you were to meet an Oriental on your way and talk with him you would find no difference from yourself other than in the hue of his face or the slant of the eyes. It would be a world, we may surmise, of Wellses, of nice Englishmen—or (doubtfully) nice Americans. Well, you and I will not be alive by then, let us be humbly grateful for that.

On my desk is an object less than an inch long apparently carved out of bone. It is a little white mouse, with erect ears and appealing black eyes, and a long tail sticking straight out so as to account for half the total length. My wife once presented me with this mouse, and she says it cost just fifteen cents. Time and again I have taken it along in a little box and shown it to congregations—that is to say, I have produced it to their imagination, described it, and let them come up afterwards to look at it, as usually they did. Obviously it is too small to be stamped "Foreign" or "Made Abroad," but actually it was made in Japan. What American would make it? When there are skyscrapers to be built, why waste time in carving little white mice?

The sky-scraper justifies America. But I am contending here that the little mouse justifies Japan. And it justifies Japan not only at home, but also here, since even in America we are young enough, some or many of us, to take joy in the spirit, the childlike spirit, that carved this mouse. The dreadful thing is that in the main we Westerners, impinging commercially on our neighbor, even though not without benefit to him, have nevertheless helped make him the ruthless imperialist he increasingly becomes. He has built his ships, raised his armies, piled up his debts, in protective imitation; he has set up his factories, sweated his workers, persecuted his citizens who acquire "subversive thoughts," only as more civilized peoples have done the same.

The dreadful thing, I say, is that he has, or had, a message, a contribution, oil and wine for wounds, two pence for the Great Innkeeper in whom the churches believe, and yet we would make a Wells or what-not out of him; we have helped towards killing the child in him, and now the adult is not to our taste.

Yet, taking our Christianity, he has produced (as we have not), a Kagawa, and he still, as through immemorial centuries of innocence, takes bits of bone and makes them into exquisite little white mice.

Japan has something to give us. And so have Italy and Germany and Russia and Spain. So has every religion, every form of the State that has weathered the storms of time and served men's purposes and won the loyalty of what is good as well as what may be otherwise in their souls.

Hateful as are mere seekers after power, whether men or classes, governments or ecclesiastical hierarchies, no people is rotten at heart; it may be fooled, misguided, "propagandized," but it is human, and it has its gift, its own perhaps secret childlikeness, its own aesthetic integrity, its own cosmic outlook, its own intellectual or industrial character, its own possibility of contributing originally to our welfare and that of the world. Though we may have fought, or may yet fight, with peoples, yet they remain our neighbors. Let us think of them with pity for their blindness (we have our own) and hope for their true greatness in the days of peace. Only an infinite long-viewing patience is enough, in our dealings even with those we must chastise, if needs be, to save us from the self-righteousness which sees ourselves simply as models to whom the world must be made sooner or later to conform.

Presumption

These little men who fear for truth,
And fling their puny bodies 'gainst
The march of progress,
Still hugging tight their toy gods!
Leave all such gods! Let them die!
Our age needs men; men tempered
By the blasts of doubt and pain;
Patient under strain;
Men who rise to might within themselves;
Who scorn the gods of yesterday; yes
Of today, if they are not real!

Let our manliness be found
In love for all our kind,
Where'er they're born, where'er they live and die.
If there are gods, some day we'll know;
But till that day,
Let us be men!

HOMER LEWIS SHEFFER.

Gandhi Shows the Way

HILDA WIERUM BOULTER

Any central theme, any cause or purpose which preoccupies one's mind and really fills one's life will always have as many sides to it as there are facets on a well-cut diamond. For example, for some time past the question of India and her struggle for freedom, has to a large extent occupied my mind. And in that connection I find myself thinking of such matters as the following:

Mahatma Gandhi and the essential meaning of Christianity. A mental flash tells me that actually this man would appear to be the only practising Christian of any importance, and nominally he is not a Christian at all. What does this tell us about Christianity?

East and West in terms of civilization. Just what is civilization? An affair of plumbing, chemistry, even sanitation, or of the mind and soul? I would like to know which is the civilized half of the world. Am I a savage? A civilized being? What is the community in which I live? The daily papers are so confusing on this matter. Advertisements of the most scientific gadgets and products of civilization jostle with accounts of barbarous murders, vile crimes showing degenerate propensities all around us. Then I suddenly think of India.

Millions of people are without not only these scientific gadgets, but also all but the bare necessities of life, and are accepting their lot uncomplainingly, following a leader who demands of them that for a cause they lay down their lives without striking a blow.

I think of those Indians whom I know personally. Men of rare intellectual qualities, and spiritual as few other men are spiritual. Their calm, mature personalities radiate a sense of inner peace which is so remarkable that it is bewildering. Until one knows them very well, one is likely to feel that they are almost inhuman, because they are so much more—civilized—than their surroundings.

Disarmament Conferences—and Mahatma Gandhi's non-violent non-coöperation compared with the "prepare for war in order to maintain peace" attitude of the rest of the world. And right here I am going to stop and try to follow to its logical conclusion one of these flashes of thought that pass through my brain.

This armed neutrality business always seems to me rather like the folly of giving a half-grown boy a real rifle, sending him out for a walk, and saying as he leaves, "Now, be sure not to shoot anything." Why the rifle, if not to shoot? And does not the mere possession of a weapon induce a different state of mind toward anything shootable? But if *two* such youths go forth, each armed, who are already suspicious of each other and none too friendly, can one wonder if the bearers of those guns train them on each other?

As opposed to this method of obtaining peace, and it has not even the advantage of ever having worked, we have the attitude of Mahatma Gandhi. He is trying to do more than merely preserve peace. He is actually trying to free his nation from the domination of a military power, which has ruled by conquest and might for two hundred years, without striking one single blow. And he has already accomplished a great deal. He has, to a large extent, united a very mixed population. He has made a nation of individualists begin to think collectively. He has persuaded some of his warlike followers to meekly turn the other cheek. He has—this is the more obvious achievement—actually succeeded in scaring out of the British certain concessions. And he has won the first battle. The six provinces that returned Nationalist members to their respective legislatures in the last elections are so many battle flags captured by rational, civilized methods from the foe.

"Ah, yes," you will say, "that's all very fine. Suppose he does by a miracle shake off British rule in this peaceful manner. *Then* he will have to have as big an army and navy as anyone else, or he will just be snapped up by some other greedy power. So what?" Well, I am not so sure.

Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that India is at last completely free and as unarmed in her freedom as she was during the struggle. How will that freedom have been attained? By non-violent non-coöperation. And it is the latter word which is the joker in Mahatma Gandhi's pack of political cards. There has been so much emphasis on the non-violence that we are inclined to overlook the non-coöperation. Just consider the full meaning of this word for a moment.

Government consists of two parties—the governing and the governed. No governing party can continue to function without the coöperation of the governed. It matters not the slightest whether the non-coöperation is violent or non-violent (except in the toll of human life!) to the effectiveness of the weapon of non-coöperation. Suppose you tried to govern someone who literally would have nothing whatever to do with you or your government? Someone who would not speak to you, would not buy your goods or sell his goods to you, travel in any government-owned conveyance, or in any way, direct or indirect, contribute to the support of your government. Some one who simply, but peacefully, completely ignored your existence. Your whole governmental system would in time collapse. It would die of starvation.

We have assumed that by this means India is now free. Do you suppose for one moment that the world at large, including every government which might cast a greedy eye upon this new and apparently helpless commonwealth, would not be aware of just exactly why Great Britain had finally retired? Of course that retirement will be spoken of by Great Britain as a noble gesture of some sort. The bitter pill of defeat will be sugar-coated, but no one will be fooled.

Do you suppose for one moment that any other power will be so foolhardy as to undertake a job which proved to be too big for Great Britain? Great Britain, the pioneer in Imperialism, the model of government? Great Britain, the professional in this game at which the rest of the world powers are more or less amateurs?

It seems to me that Mahatma Gandhi's program is the most practical, as well as the most absolutely civilized, that has ever been thought out.

May God give him many years to lead his people in the way he has chosen, and strength to keep to that way. We may yet see a world which is in very truth a civilized world.

Study Table

Critic and Man of Letters

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN AND HIS LETTERS. *By M. A. De Wolfe Howe.* 463 *pp. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.* $4.00.

The reading public must be eternally grateful to Mr. Howe for writing this most excellent biography and for editing these truly remarkable letters. No one in America except Mr. Howe could possibly have done this work so well. And Chapman represents a side of American life which cannot be neglected.

John Jay Chapman, a descendant of John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was born in New York in 1862. He came of the old New York stock which has been described by Edith Wharton. Educated as a boy at the famous St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire, he had a firm grounding in the classics and literature. He was by nature a kind of mystic and always deeply religious, but in the anti-institutional sense. Like the Old Testament Prophets he had no love for cultic practices or for meaningless ritual. He did, however, sense the eternal spiritual values.

Receiving his degree from Harvard in 1885, Chapman, following a tradition, attended the Harvard Law School, but like so many men trained in the law, his interest was in letters. This interest showed in his early correspondence. If Mr. Howe will publish the remainder of Chapman's letters, he will enrich American literature with letters equal to those which have become classics. Chapman's letters are inimitable, and they reveal the man as he was, a descendant of early American Huguenot and Dutch forbears, a scholar trained in the classics and in world literature. Such a man must not be allowed to sink into oblivion.

Chapman's keen emotional sense led him to a youthful and bitter experience. While a young student, he read Dante in the original with a like-minded girl, Minna Timmins. They fell violently in love but neither revealed this to the other. The revelation came in another way: at a party, a certain young man paid attention to Miss Timmins in a manner that enraged Chapman. Inviting the rival into the garden, Chapman beat him over the head with a cane. Then almost immediately overcome by a terrible remorse, he thrust the offending hand into the fire and held it in the flame lest his whole body be cast into hell. The result was the amputation of the hand, the mark of a life of penance. But as Mr. Howe reminds us, "if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." At any rate, this purification by fire revealed something to Chapman beside winning for him Minna Timmins. During his convalescence, when he was examined by alienists and pronounced perfectly sane, he regretted only the loss of time. His sense of the use of time was thoroughly Puritan and reminds one of Cotton Mather's references to the use of time which that early master of letters noted in his famous Diary.

Freed from the necessity of practising law, Chapman turned to politics and letters. It was Chapman who told Theodore Roosevelt how to behave. It was also Chapman who led the revolt at the turn of the century against corrupt politics and corruptible politicians. His Puritan daring and courage showed itself in his spoken and written words as well as in his acts. He hated sham everywhere.

As a critic and man of letters, Chapman is best known for his interpretation of Emerson, for his translations, and for his anti-institutionalism in religion. At home in comparative literature, he wrote on Plato, the Greek tragedians, Dante, and Goethe. His essay on Goethe remains unpublished. It is the hope of this reviewer that Mr. Howe will at an early date give this interpretation of Goethe to the world. In this day when literature and the classics are being relegated to the ash heap by self styled "educators" and "reformers," we need to hear the voice of an American like Chapman, a man who believed things should be changed, but changed in a civilized way. There is much truth in the words of Chapman's intimate friend, William James: "You are the only reincarnation of Isaiah and Job, and I praise God that He has let me live in your day. Real values are known only to you."

C. A. HAWLEY

Reverence and Joy!

THE CALL OF THE HUMAN. *By Robert Whitaker. Atlanta: Banner Press, Emory University. (Address the author,* 15 *Lyndon Avenue, Los Gatos, California.)* $2.00.

Every friend and admirer of Robert Whitaker will welcome this book, a worthy companion to his earlier volume of poems entitled, *Social Song and Other Verse.* Its title indicates that the author is still predominantly interested in the human problem, and is listening as ever to the call of men's hearts as stricken by the injustices and woes of this present world. The opening poems, "Not Knowing Whither," "Ecce Homo," "Whatever Is," this last written in 1918 in jail in Los Angeles, where Dr. Whitaker was bearing punishment for the sin of being an undaunted pacifist in war-time—these, and many others, are the utterance of prophecy. Applied Christianity as interpreted in the social ideals of our time and of all time is still the heart of Dr. Whitaker's message.

But more often than in the earlier book, Dr. Whitaker touches the mystical aspects of religion, revels in the joy and beauty of nature, celebrates homely virtues, wholesome customs of personal and social life, tender memories of his own, and comments pithily, ironically, and wisely on men's foibles and sins. The pieces here collected are all short, and have more variety of form and sentiment than the earlier volume. There are biting couplets, such as "The Air-Bomber,"

"No beast so coldly ravenous could be;
No idiot so imbecile as he,"

and "Mutuality,"

"Wealth is not wealth while any man is poor,
No man is free who can a slave endure";

a lovely out-of-doors lyric,

"God, what a day it is to be abroad!
To walk as one were winged, snatch at the breeze,
Stand up against the stature of the trees,
Feel freedom stretching on, an endless road;
To lift arms high akimbo, laugh and run,
And challenge all the spaces of the sun";

some excellent didactic poems, and a good sonnet or two. "Speak to them! speak to the people" is as fine as Ebenezer Elliott and better than Charles Mackay. "America! America" is noble patriotic verse. The Christmas pieces are among the best of the collection.

Robert Whitaker is a rarely beautiful soul. It is no accident that all his life his spirit has poured itself forth in simple and unpretentious song. He does not rank with the great poets, and would himself be the last to claim such distinction. But as a native bard, who would speak for the dumb, inarticulate masses, and sing the quiet rapture of his own heart, he wins high merit. It did us good to see him listed among the hymnists in the new Unitarian *Hymns of the Spirit.*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Correspondence

A Letter from England

Editor of UNITY:

I must spare time to give you one little peep on the incidence of happenings here. Alas, there is little in either Church or State to produce a thrill, as one looks backward over 1937. There is one miracle to record, however! The election, by the students, of "Dick" Sheppard (with Winston Churchill at the bottom of the poll) to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, surely does deserve to be recorded as a miracle, when you ponder its incidence and implications.

Even before, and more so since the Duke of Wellington affirmed that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, our high class public schools and our universities have been the soil from which has been supplied the material for bedecking the walls of our Christian cathedrals with brass and marble tablets recording that "To the glory of God and in the service of his Country, General A and Admiral B dedicated his life to, and was preëminently successful on several occasions, in social slaughter of the Sons of a Common Father."

Yet "Dick" Sheppard, the most notorious of all pacifists who ever wore the garb of a Church of England clergyman, "Dick" Sheppard who more than all other clergymen combined used the pulpits of the Prince of Peace to wage war upon war, "Dick" Sheppard whose name was anathema at Lambeth House and the Carlton Club, is elected by the students, Lord Rector of Scotland's leading university. Surely no boomerang has ever reverberated with such roar in university portals and "Dick" Sheppard may be pardoned exclaiming, when he heard the result, "This definitely puts pacifism on the map."

Alas! he was found dead in his chair a few days afterwards, and I have more than once wondered if the joy of gratitude was too much for a heart made permanently weak by his horror of hell's war vomit and by his burning compassion for the myriads of London's poor. I leave it at that—with this one word, it is tragedy for the cause of pacifism that a life so valuable should have been burnt out at the early age of fifty-four.

Two other tragic deaths this year have saddened me—the deaths of Snowden and MacDonald. Passing the moors, o'er which the ashes of Snowden were scattered at the very time when MacDonald's death came to hand, I could not refrain from thinking of the tragedy of their closing days.

Verily I believe that Snowden died a broken-hearted man. For I think he left little doubt about the fact that he felt he had been betrayed by MacDonald, when the latter became the head of the so-called National Government—the most Tory of all the Tory Governments by the way—but the greatest sorrow of Snowden's life was the treatment he received from his own Labor Government, when he introduced his Land Value Taxation proposals in his budget. The support he got might be termed acquiescence without approval, and he got only one or two backers in the debates from his own party whilst his budget was before the House of MacDonald—well! he is gone, "Peace, let him rest!"

There have been but one or two straws floating on the waters of 1937 which have engendered hope and strengthened one's faith in the capacity of our younger people to accept the discipline of high and sober thinking. One such straw is the growth of the Study Circles for a ten-week scientific examination of Henry George's *Progress and Poverty.* This method of propagating the teachings of your great prophet comes also from you. I understand that it has captured the imagination of your young people and thousands are flocking into your classes.

Hence, its trial here and such reports as I get are thrilling. A friend of mine is running different classes four nights weekly. By the time the ten weeks expire his pupils have canvassed to get him recruits to start a new class, whilst they carry on, mutually aiding one another to follow the gleam. My colleague tells me this is easily the most fruitful form of propaganda he has been associated with in all his fifty years of service for the cause. I feel, therefore, that "The Economics of God," for such is what I conceive George's message to imply, is going to get a more thorough ventilation and a fuller hearing than ever before.

Another straw of cheering import I find in the realm of music. At the Blackpool Musical Festival—which is the biggest thing in the world of its kind—the other day, the Judge of the Young Artists and Vocalists Competitions said, "The great thing about this year's competitions lies in the fact that these young folks, having been allowed to choose their own pieces, have with one accord turned their backs upon modern jazz, crooning, and other caricaturings and have gone back to the music of harmony and melody."

When I read this I almost shouted "Alleluiah—Christ is risen again." For this modern science of discords, both high-brow and low-brow, makes one pray "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." To learn from the lips of a Judge in such a competition of such a changing mental attitude on the part of young musicians, made one "rejoice greatly."

One other little straw in the realm of politics. Alas, Liberalism, through war's aftermath plus the crucifixions wrought by Asquith's Imperialism and the betrayals of others, has well-nigh suffered complete extinction. So far as its organic life is concerned, its principles can never die for they are eternal and indestructible.

Sir Archibald Sinclair, its present leader, is very young, as party politicians go, for he is only in his forty-fourth year. Yet I have been assured many times of late that wherever he speaks he impresses his audiences in very unusual degree. He masters his subject and speaks upon it with knowledge and understanding, and wins authority because he will not compromise on principles, or sacrifice the leaven thereof at the bidding either of caucus expediencies or under the threats of vested interests.

If he continues so to tread in the paths he has chosen, continuing to refuse to bargain with that which though morally wrong has been deemed politically right and lawfully expedient, he will rise high and lift Liberalism with him as he himself mounts high.

Is it possible these few straws I see, may—to change the metaphor—be the silver lining behind the dark clouds which cover our skies with inky blackness? God grant it!

J. A.

Huddersfield, England.

In Reply to Mr. Blanch

Editor of UNITY:

A recent issue of UNITY contains an article: "W. P. A. —A Professional Joke?" by Isidore A. Blanch. The author criticizes the W. P. A. for its lack of financial reward to the personnel on the W. P. A. professional projects. Mr. Blanch is wrong in expecting the W. P. A. to reward its professional workers with salary increases. In the first place some artists tell me that money cannot be a reward or stimulus for artistic work; that they are happy to continue their work on a substantial subsistence basis even though this consists of "dull, low-level salaries of $20.00 to $23.00 a week."

The second objection is that Mr. Blanch has entirely misconstrued the purpose of the W. P. A. He apparently believes it to be in the business of selecting, employing, and training professional people. Salaries are apparently expected to correspond with those paid by private industries. Employes who decrease in ability would presumably have their salaries decreased. Employes who increase in ability would be rewarded by salary increases from time to time and perhaps have promotions in authority. This would be true in a commercial concern. It would be likewise in the W. P. A. if that administration were in the art or professional business. This is the conception of many like Mr. Blanch who believe that the Government should participate indefinitely in general production, including professional work.

The trouble is that Congress did not intend and the

President did not create the W. P. A. for the purpose of putting the Government in the "professional" business. It is a relief organization. Its purpose is to employ those people who cannot make a living in private industry. These people are to be employed and have subsistence salaries to keep them alive. To maintain their self-respect and to improve their abilities they are encouraged to produce work along the lines of their respective callings. As their work and their ability improve, their value increases with the result that they should be able to make more money by then going into private industries. They should be encouraged to do this and thus to get off the W. P. A. rolls and into commercial work. This encouragement to leave the Government payroll—and thus to help us balance the budget—requires no increase in pay.

Mr. Blanch exemplifies the stupefaction of the W. P. A. by the story of "Tom Jones," an allegedly able young lawyer who had C. W. A. and W. P. A. jobs but was unable to obtain even serious consideration for better positions.

It so happens that I have been a Section Chief for the Relief Administration, for the Resettlement Administration, and have held other positions in Washington during most of the New Deal. I have interviewed hundreds of applicants for jobs; and also hired and discharged hundreds of them. I am familiar with the practices of most of the personnel offices and the workings of the Congressmen and Senators. I know that the story of Tom Jones does not ring true. I am confident that applicants with genuine ability and with the persistence of Tom Jones got sincere consideration; most of them got jobs. At times there was a shortage of good lawyers such as Jones claimed to be.

In checking Mr. Blanch's article I find several suggestions indicating that Jones was not the good lawyer Mr. Blanch thought him to be. Probably his trouble was an unpleasant and thus inadequate personality. This was probably the reason he was never "able to pierce the corps of secretaries and to actually talk to a Senator." It must be the explanation of Jones passing the written examination of the New York Municipal Civil Service but receiving "the lowest passing mark" in the oral examination. The fact that Jones was fired because his reports indicated that his "work was definitely below average" certainly does not indicate that his work was above average. After all, the W. P. A. may have been right. Certainly it agreed with all others who interviewed Jones, except possibly an unknown professor for whom Jones did gratuitous work "sufficient to have made a substantial printable volume." However, it was apparently *not printed.*

I am wearying of those who expect the Government to do everything for everybody. The Washington administration has perhaps overlooked many personal needs but it should not be made to carry the blame for others' inadequacies. To express this point of view I write you this letter to suggest that Mr. Blanch's article calls for two expositions, which you might like to have written for your magazine, namely, an article describing the official purpose of the W. P. A. and also the unofficial purpose of some of its employes and of more radical philosophers who see in it a possible step towards Communism; and an article describing the various personnel offices of the different New Deal agencies in Washington, which exposition can indicate many inefficiencies, many discourtesies, much delay, some politics, some overlooking of good personnel, but in general a fairly creditable handling of an enormous task. It is perhaps significant that the personnel offices which attempted the most scientific investigation of applicants' abilities were also the slowest in handling its cases.

—Tilford E. Dudley.

Washington, D. C.

Gandhi's Paper

Editor, of Unity:

Many Americans are much interested in Gandhi, but we find little about him or about India in the press. Gandhi's own newspaper, *Harijan,* publishes weekly editions in several languages, including one in English. Harijan means *Child of God,* a name that Gandhi gives to the Untouchables. This paper was started primarily in their interest, but he has broadened its scope, and now discusses general subjects also.

In his paper Gandhi does not enter into controversy with the British Government, but aims to show what can be done, within the limits imposed by the Government, to promote education, sanitation, temperance, etc., and, especially, to show what has actually been done along these lines in the six provinces where the Nationalists carried all before them in the last elections. The price of a six-month subscription to the English edition is $2.10. The money can be sent by International postal order to Manager of *Harijan,* Aryabhushan Press, Poona 4, India.

—Alice Stone Blackwell.

Cambridge, Mass.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 134)

Tom Mooney

Ten thousand people packed the San Francisco Civic Auditorium on December 5 to raise their voices in protest against the continued imprisonment of Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings. The meeting was punctuated with cheers for the speakers who demanded the unconditional freedom of Mooney and Billings, but also was marked with dignity which comes from people gathered to champion a great cause.

Elmer A. Benson, Governor of Minnesota, made a special trip to San Francisco to speak in behalf of Mooney and Billings. Governor Benson, who is outstanding in the United States as a friend of labor and farmers and a foremost defender of civil rights, made an eloquent, stirring plea in behalf of justice for Mooney and Billings.

In his address, Governor Benson stated: "Mooney must be given a full and unconditional pardon. By that one act we here in America can serve notice upon the world that in this historic country of liberty, we still choose human freedom and civil rights under a democratic form of government. When we free Mooney, we say to the world that in the United States of America the government and the agencies of government exist not for the purpose of ruling men but for the purpose of securing them their rights and their liberties. The spirit of freedom may be dead in countries where the blight of Fascism has descended, but it is not yet dead in democratic America."

The other speakers also hewed to the line advocated by Governor Benson. Sheriff Dan Murphy, Sheriff of San Francisco county and former President of the California State Federation of Labor, declared, "Labor has fought for justice for Mooney and Billings for twenty-two years, realizing as we do that this is our fight, and we will not rest until it is won."

Harry Bridges, President of the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen's Union and West Coast Director of the C. I. O., stated, "Labor is united on the question of Mooney and Billings. We will join together and make common cause against the political and industrial enemies who are responsible for the Mooney-Billings frame-up."

The meeting was presided over by John F. Shelley, president of the San Francisco Labor Council. A resolution, introduced jointly by Shelley, Dan Murphy, Harry Bridges, and H. C. Carrasco, of the Railway Clerks, was adopted by a rising vote of the entire audience. The resolution follows: "Resolved, that we call upon and urge all branches and groups of labor regardless of affiliation, whether C. I. O., A. F. of L., or Railroad Brotherhoods, to remain united in the fight against all political and industrial interests that seek to keep Mooney and Billings imprisoned; and be it further resolved, that we call upon and urge all labor groups regardless of affiliation to remain united in this fight without any cessation of effort until Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings receive a full and complete pardon."

Two resolutions introduced by Resner were also adopted by acclaim. One read, "Resolved, that Governor Frank F. Merriam stand condemned for his failure to pardon Tom Mooney, and that this audience of ten thousand will not support any candidate for governor who does not unequivocally declare that he will grant Tom Mooney an immediate, full and complete pardon." The other resolution called upon all California congressmen and senators to support the Murray-O'Connell Resolution now pending in Congress which would memorialize the Governor of California to grant Tom Mooney a full and complete pardon. The legislators were requested to use their influence to have Mooney subpoenaed to Washington as a vital and necessary witness before the sub-committee of the Judiciary of the United States Senate, which is shortly to conduct hearings on the resolution.

Mooney's counsel are now preparing his petition for a writ of habeas corpus, which will be submitted to the United States Supreme Court early in January.

—*Tom Mooney Molders' Defense Committee.*